

*The Historie of*

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reuenge the ieering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloodie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace Cousin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to or'e walke a Current roring lowd  
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,  
Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
So honor crosse it from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres  
To rowle a Lion, then to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit,  
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,  
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone  
Or diue into the bottoime of the deepe,  
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare  
Without corriuall, all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good Cousen giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.  
By God he shall not haue a *Scot* of them,  
No, if a *Scot* would saue his soule, he shall not,

*Henry the*

Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no care vnto my paine,  
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat.  
He said he would not ransom  
Forbad my tongue to speake:  
But I will find him when he lieth  
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*.  
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you Cousin, a word.  
*Hot.* All studies heere I follow  
Saue how to gall and pinch the  
And that same Sword and Buckler  
But that I thinke his father loath  
And would be glad he met with  
I would haue him poysoned with

*Wor.* Farewell Kinsman, Ile  
When you are better temper'd  
*Nor.* Why what a Waspe-tooth  
Art thou, to breake into this way  
Tying thine eare to no tongue.

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am  
Netled, and stung with Pismire  
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrook*.  
In *Richards* time, what doe you  
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glocester*.  
Twas where the mad-cap Duke  
His vnckle *Yorke*, where I first  
Vnto this King of Smiles, this  
Zbloud, when you and he came

*Nor.* At *Barkly* Castle.  
Why what a candie deale of cunning  
This fawning Grey-hound the  
Looke when his infant Fortune  
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kin